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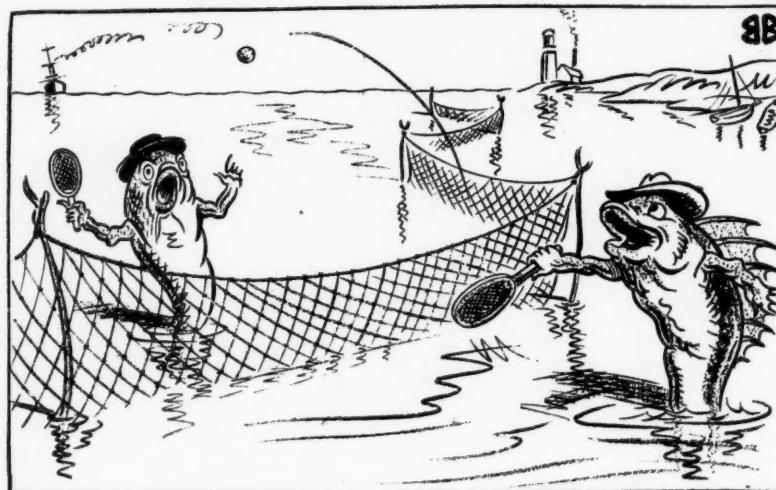


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A SPECIALIST'S OPINION.

DR. LIPTON.—Your condition, of course, is not alarming; but a trip abroad would do you a world of good.

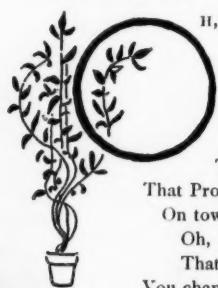


#### TAKING ADVANTAGE OF IT.

THE FISH.—All I can say is, whoever put that net here little thought what a service they were rendering us.

#### WHEN YOUTH IS WISE.

The dominant current of Japanese literature is one of pessimism; Schopenhauer, Nietzsche and Gorky being the models of the modern school.—*Tokio Dispatch*.



II, quaint Japan, so recently  
From dark, barbaric shadow snatched,  
Your nakedness draped decently  
In Culture's garments (somewhat  
patched);  
In civic line your footsteps gauged  
To fit the cadence of the march  
That Progress makes through History's page  
On toward Achievement's glowing arch—  
Oh, can it be  
That now we see  
You change from hopeful smile to frown,  
As, lip a-curl,  
Yourself you hurl  
From Eagerville to Blasétown?

Oh, droll Japan, ingenuous  
And youthful is your present pose,  
Although the mask is tenuous  
And not deceiving, goodness knows!  
It may engage you for a while,  
This queer but common front to wear—  
A never-changing youthful style  
That passes with the thinning hair;  
But, ah! ere long  
To noisy song  
You'll list, and watch the dancers wheel,  
For as you grow  
In age the show  
Gets better at Life's Vaudeville.

*Wood Levette Wilson*

#### BOARDING.

The big ship eats a ton of coal  
An hour; yet, flocking toward her  
Are people by the dozen and  
The score who wish to board her.

#### IN DELAWARE, SAY.

"He's very democratic."  
"I'm not surprised."  
"Oh, extremely so! He could easily be elected a member of the Elite Lynching Club, and it is understood his wife and daughters are anxious to have him join, for the sake of the social standing it would give them. But the judge says the Citizens' Lynching Club is good enough for him. Yes."

#### AN ODD CASE.

"Yes," said the criminal, "I can tell you about a very queer thing that happened to a young feller in a reformatory."  
"Indeed?" said the sociologist.  
"Yes. He reformed."



#### NOT HIS STYLE.

SAM.—Golly! Dem detectives must make good money!

PETE.—Yais; but de job 'd nebbah suit yo'.

SAM.—Wha not?

PETE.—Case heaps of de time dey has to weah plain clothes.



#### CALLED.

HE.—Darling, I dream of you every night; such joyous, happy dreams, I cannot bear to wake and—  
HALL BOY.—Mistah Smiff, whad time yo' want to be called in de mawnin'?  
HE.—Half-past three, sure! I'm going bass fishing!

#### THE FLIGHT.

NCE UPON a time a large, white and beautiful bird named Prosperity came flying down the wind, and lit on the dome of a large public building that seemed a fair and inviting resting place.

"This seems like a nice country," said the bird. "I rather like the looks of things."

A politician passing by was attracted by the plumage of the beautiful stranger and as it flew down on the ground to get nearer the people, stroked it lovingly. Then a stock exchange broker came by and greeted the fair guest with many a smile. An iceman, otherwise haughty, melted as he held the great bird.

Prosperity primed her wings and flew about gaily from market to market, from curbstone to real estate exchange. She haunted places of pleasure and flew over many a mountain resort and sea-shore caravansary. Even in the dark and dingy places the faint

flutter of her wings was heard. She grew to be a common sight. Her name was a household word. Indeed, so familiar did she become that she began to be overlooked. No one noticed her. Prosperity began to droop.

"This will never do," she said. "I'll be a laughing stock next."

And she was right. She began to be abused. The politician and the financier got to fighting over her. The common people sought to revile her.

One day she spread her wings, and a poet, looking out of his attic window, saw in dismay that she was on a journey.

"Where are you going?" he questioned, eagerly.

"I am going," said Prosperity, "away from here—where they know how to treat me better."

MORAL: History still continues to repeat itself.

*Tom Masson.*



#### HER SWIFT RETURN.

DRUMMER.—Let's see! There is a show of some kind in the Town Hall to-night, is n't there?

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN.—Sure thing! Miss Agnes Ammidon appeared here in "East Lynne" in 1874, and pleased the people so well that she's consented to play a return date to-night.

#### THE MODERN WAY.

MRS. KNICKER.—Are n't you glad your children are all settled?

MRS. BOCKER.—Yes, indeed; they're all happily divorced now.

***In the well organized political machine, a word to the guys is sufficient.***

## PUCK



### A PROMISE.

MISTRESS.—I hope you will like this place and stay, Bridget. Just see the lovely views from the kitchen window!

THE NEW COOK.—Well, Oi 'll shtay long enough to take them views with me camera, Mum, anyway!

### AN IMPENDING PERIL.

**T**IS rumored that within a few short years emancipated woman will hand in her final resignation as goddess of the hearth; that the domestic altar will soon be forever deserted by its feminine devotee. To such as the equal suffrage advocate, this rumor seems only "matter for a flying smile," but to the deeply contemplative it bears a weighty and a serious blow. If its realization comes at all within the empire of the possible, it brings with it a train of fearful consequences which every lover of the home will do well to consider before lending countenance to the revolution which is said to be upon us. If the complete emancipation of woman is to render home life and duties distasteful to her, we are indeed undone.

Heaven forefend that our cherished firesides be left to the eccentric ministrations of man!

### TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS.



I.

"Only an old canvas hose, but I have an idea. Percy has all the girls because he belongs to the militia. I'll fix him."

II.

"There! A little way off it will look like the real sea serpent. Now to wait for Percy and the girls."

III.

"Don't go any further, ladies! There is a live sea serpent on the beach."

Man is a creature that has always elicited our unqualified admiration; he is in many capacities useful, and by a judicious arrangement of blue cloth and brass buttons, can often be rendered to a certain degree ornamental. In the sphere of action for which his many estimable characteristics have qualified him, we accept him without a murmur; but when it comes to having him foisted upon us a housekeeper we indignantly reject him. We have wintered and summered him in that capacity, and he is an ignominious failure. For the ornamental part of housekeeping he is peculiarly unfitted; his soul is closed and his vision dim to the truly beautiful. He scorns bric-a-brac, and is not susceptible to the ennobling and refining influence of that home-angel, the tidy. If there were fifteen tidiess on one chair he would manage to crumple ten under him and get up with the rest on his back. He is a sworn enemy to all decorative art, and if not watched will go to bed on the pillow shams. He pulls the bed-clothes out by the roots when he gets up; he leaves water in the washbowl and hangs the towel on the floor. He makes a hat rack of the piano, and expects to find his slippers just where he left them last week.

His idea of being comfortable is to throw open every door and window in the house, and, as to becoming arrangement of lights and shades his mind is a perfect blank. He never was known to make a knot in a towel and chase flies out of the room, and if he does not see what he wants the minute he opens the bureau drawer he knows it is not there and you can not convince him to the contrary. He lacks adroitness and always draws out the weak-legged chair for a visitor to sit on. His mind is not nimble at taking hints; we have seen a man who understood Emerson help himself to the last slice of cake, with company present, and unblushingly call for more, notwithstanding his wife was kicking him under the table and winking at him over it. It will readily be seen that he is by nature and education totally disqualified to act as goddess of the home. His occasional presence is necessary to make him a perfect success—it pleases us to have him patronize the deserving institution at least three times a day, and it looks well to see him sitting around in the evenings, but it would never do to leave him in sole charge of the dearest spot on earth. He would bankrupt domestic bliss in a week. Let all who are interested in the preservation and maintenance of the fireside, humbly petition the managers of this new movement to exempt a few able-bodied, industrious women to continue the time honored and laudable employment of housekeeping; or, at least, to postpone any radical change until a few men have been taught to discriminate between *macrame* lace and dish-towels.



ABLE MEN.

UNCLE JOSH.—Them bunco men is slick articles.

UNCLE HIRAM.—That's a fact. They've fooled some of the best checker players in this country.

*Mary Louise Andrews.*

## PUCK



IV.  
"Fear not, girls! It shall not harm you."



V.  
"The Hero! The Hercules!"



VI.  
"No, girls, I don't believe in soldiers. They are only brave when in bunches."

### THE PENALTY OF PROMPTNESS.

**T**HE MAN who's always punctual deserves as much of pity as any fellow living, and I think you'll quite agree. Perhaps he's made appointment with a party in the city And catches the suburban train at 7:53; He knows full well he'll be in time and on the spot precisely; He chuckles to himself, arrives, and paces to and fro For quite a goodly time, then stops and treats the matter wisely By sitting down and waiting for the fellow who is slow.

It's very nice to have the name of being to the minute,  
In slang "a Johnny on the spot" whatever may occur;  
It seems a proud distinction, but there's really nothing in it,  
The man who's always punctual creates no mighty stir.  
The theory's seductive, but it doesn't stand to reason,  
To practice it will bring you aught but worry, wail and woe,  
When just by being prompt you lose, no matter what the season,  
So much good time in waiting on the fellow who is slow.

The prompt man never moves the world, it's just the other fellow;  
You have to bide his time and wait, and pace the floor and swear;  
The fruits of punctuality grow much too ripe and mellow  
For you to pick, while waiting on the man who is n't there.  
And so I say, the man that's prompt could more of sweets have tasted  
If he'd lagged a bit and rode his hobby less, I trow,  
For think of all the minutes and the hours he has wasted,—  
The time he's spent in waiting on the fellow who is slow.

Roy Farrell Greene.



"COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE."

**S**peak of the devil and he's sure to appear: it is different with an angel— which may explain why so many shots go to pieces on the road.

### A SURPRISING SEASON.

"This has been a remarkable Summer, taking it all in all," observed the washing-machine agent, with meteorological meaning. "It has been, for me, 'tennyrate,'" replied the landlord of the Pettyville tavern, who was inclined to be pessimistic. "An actor—one of the kind that plays with a 10-20-30-cent troupe—stayed here at the hotel for six weeks, and went away in the day time with his board bill paid in full."



### WELL ACCOUNTED FOR.

"Do you love sports, Mr. Cohenstein?  
"Passionately! I sell sporting-goods, you know!"

### UNFORTUNATELY.

Though Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
"T is often a mistake  
To think he won't get up again,  
A sturdy fight to make.

### DIGESTION.

Even in the whale's belly, Jonah's prophetic vision kept him borrowing trouble.  
"What if pepsin tablets were to come into vogue right now!" he exclaimed, horrified.  
Naturally, the thought of being digested was not a very comfortable one.

PUCK



THE COMING TEST.

JACK SUMMERVILLE.—I look forward to the city as to heaven.

BELLE BEECH.—Really?

JACK SUMMERVILLE.—Yes;—to settle the question, shall we know each other there?

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**W**hen some men say they are self-made, it is pretty hard to tell whether the statement ought to be regarded as a boast or a confession.

# PUCK



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PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### THE PARALYSIS OF POWER.

ALL SURPLUS matter on the copy hooks of *The Commoner* found ready vent to publicity in Bryan's Chicago speech. It was a polished address, long service in the Colonel's employ having given it an admirable gloss. Text and target as hitherto were supplied by Grover Cleveland, that depraved and wicked man, whose political antithesis Colonel Bryan delights to be. "The greatest menace that the party has to meet to-day," the orator observed, "is not the probability, but the possibility of the party's return to the position that it occupied from 1892 to 1896." In other words, the greatest menace is a possible return to power, for if memory does not fail us, the presidency and the Democrats were on terms of closest intimacy between the dates mentioned. "This danger," the Colonel adds, however, "is not so imminent as the corporation-controlled papers make it appear; but in so far as it at all threatens, it paralyzes the energies of the party and nullifies its promises." Paralyzes! There is the verb. That which for eight years has been near-sighted, debilitated, hysterical and mentally defective is now on the verge of political paralysis. And all because of the fell possibility—but not probability—of its "return to the position that it occupied from 1892 to 1896;" or briefly, to power and the presidency. Misfortune is cruel indeed; and Bryan is its prophet.

**AS TO ARMY PROMOTIONS.** MORE than a little attention of late has been paid to General Wood; and not all of it may be classed as cordial. It is claimed that five years, the period which advanced him from assistant surgeon and colonel of volunteers to a rank nearly parallel with the veteran General Young, have seldom enclosed so rapid a rise as his; that army annals, recent or remote, are wholly destitute of precedent. This, and indeed much more, have the carping critics averred. But just or biased, their words will go for naught unless the Senate, in its might, should decline to confirm General Wood's promotion. As to the speed of his ascent, however, the critics are misinformed. Precedents do exist. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan provide them. Grant, who rose in three years from an obscure colonel to the head of the whole union army. Sherman, who in the same length of time attained the rank of major general. And Sheridan—the best precedent of all—who began as a captain of volunteers in 1861 and was commissioned major general of regulars ere the Civil War ended. If nothing wrong was seen in the promotion of these men after three years, surely the elevation of Wood after five years should provoke no hostile comment. That is, unless between Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and their achievements on one hand and Wood and his on the other, the nation at large should discover a discrepancy.

**"THAT STRANGE BETRAYAL."** THAT BAND of vigilant patriots, the Protective Tariff League, has begun its final campaign against Cuban

Reciprocity. Says the League's official organ: "It still rests with the House of Representatives to sanction or disapprove that strange betrayal of pledged protection to all American industry and all

American labor in the shape of the Cuban treaty." So, summoning all its forces, the League will encamp on the Capitol steps, there to await the opening of Congress. Meanwhile, there is much to be done. President Roosevelt's misleading statements require a strong rebuttal. Particularly his incredible "belief that not a particle of harm will come to any American interest from the adoption of reasonable measures of reciprocity with Cuba." Also, his highly fatuous conclusion "that the adoption of such a measure would be in the interests of our people as a whole." Of course, in order that these wilful words may effectively be refuted and truth once more established, it will be necessary for the League to be firmly consistent and true to itself. Which means, if the Cuban treaty is "a betrayal," the President, its foremost supporter, is obviously a betrayer. While his unswerving efforts in behalf of reciprocity are similarly the acts of a party Arnold. Plainly, logic leads to courtesy, if to nothing more. Hence, for the League's exclusive benefit, we would repeat that homely old caution: Be sure you are right, then go ahead. And furthermore, there is another maxim, quaintly applicable, which refers to fooling the people.

## INTERRUPTED.

"Then," said the first mosquito, "you were still singing when the man endeavored to swat you?"

"Oh, yes! I had just finished the recitative and begun the aria."

## NEW VERSION.

We now revise the ancient saw  
And prove that it is true;  
Red devils always find some work  
For idle hands to do.



## CAUSE FOR REGRET.

**NEWRICH.**—Say! Do you know Boobleby boasts that one of his ancestors was beheaded in the Tower of London.

**GRIMSHAW.**—Yes; pity it did n't run in the family!

THE PHÆNIX OF PROSPERITY.



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUNCH BLDG. N.Y.



PUCK

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### THE POLITICIAN.

**W**HEN in doubt, a politician should attack the trusts, the negro, or the cigarette.

The average legislator returns home covered with a good deal more apology than glory.

Generally, when a politician has the key to the situation he can't find the fellow with the keyhole.

Some politicians are born colonels, some are self-made colonels, and others drink until the title is thrust upon them.

The politician has his picture in the editorial columns at the beginning of his career, and in the patent medicine columns at the finish.

When a politician persistently permits himself to be called "Honest John," or "Bill," as the case may be, he should be thrown down and microscopically frisked to see what his little game is.

It is almost pathetic to watch the unwavering patience with which a recently-made has-been waits for the Ship of State to go bull-heading onto the rocks, now that his guiding hand has been removed from the rudder.

*Tom P. Morgan.*

**E**NNUI is a French word for an American malady, which generally arises from the want of a want, and constitutes the complaint of those who have nothing to complain of.



### QUITE DIFFERENT.

IRENE.—She'll never forgive him.

EDGAR.—Why, I thought he said she was attractive.

IRENE.—Oh, no! He said she was still attractive.



### POSTPONED.

"Won't yer let me mind him?"

"Not now, when he's good. Some time when he's hollerin' blue murder,  
I might let somebody else have a hack at him!"

**W**e always suspect that certain people, in paying the price of success, manage somehow to work the short change racket.

#### THE MODERN FINANCIER.

**T**HE GRANDMOTHER had come to visit her son and she had brought her knitting with her, to say nothing of some old-style ideas. In the household was a grandson who had caught the spirit of the day and in whom his parents placed great hope. Perhaps you have seen sons ere this who contained parental hope, which, alas, too often is nothing more than a veneer over disappointment.

But, as the historical novelist would say, Gadzooks, on with the story. So it came to pass that the grandchild worried the good grandmother by his careless and extravagant ways. Consequently she decided to "nib in," as a boy in the glass factory would express it. Perhaps you have seen a grandmother with an interest so keen as to cause her to nib. This grandmother sought her son and, prompted by duty, spake as follows:

"Clarence, I am sorely distressed over the way in which Horace behaves. He is wildly extravagant. Last Sunday I gave him three cents for Sunday-school and instead of handing it in he bought marbles. He has borrowed pennies from me without ever a thought of returning them. He picks up nothing and scatters everything. He despises strings and pins. Really, the boy is so extravagant that he will yet break you up. He needs training along the line of thrift. He should be taught to save."

"Mother," answered the son, "times have changed. It is not like it was in your day. You trained me, and here I am, on a salary, afraid to let go of it, with the prospects of some day getting the debt paid on a two-thousand-dollar home. But we expect some thing more of Horace. We are looking forward to his career with confidence. It is no longer the fashion to untie the knots or save the strings or pick up the pins—string and pins are cheap and time is valuable. The three cents which Horace invested in marbles were turned over the next day at a profit. Capital is needed to carry on promotions and necessary for a living; we are glad that Horace is shrewd enough to borrow. That boy has a great future before him. He is modern; your ideas belong to a past day. Horace has the making of a financier in him. I trust you will not spoil him by any old foggy ideas. I have known nothing but work and work's reward; I want my son to be something more, to be a success, to be a financier. Times have changed, Mother dear!"

And Motner was forced to admit that they had.

Charles K. Mavity.

#### THE SUBURBANITE AND HIS TROUBLES.

MR. ISOLATE (*of Lonelyville*).—Please, sir, I should like to get off at three o'clock to attend the matinée of "Mr. Maloney" to-day.

HIS CITY EMPLOYER (*severely*).—But I thought you attended the performance of it Monday evening.

MR. ISOLATE (*plaintively*).—Yes, sir; but I should like to go to the matinée to-day so as to see the last act.

#### THE ONLY SECONDS HE KNEW.

TEACHER.—Johnny Fiskuff, can you tell us something about Henry the Second?

JOHNNY FISKUFF (*after thinking deeply*).—Henry de sec'nd? Say! Wuz n't dat de guy t' run up de sponge on de Harlem Skruncher, in his las' bout, when he had de oder dub on de fast trolley fer Queer Street?

TRUE.

An observation now we make  
As on the old world plunges;  
One touch of Nature makes us kin,  
But two will make us sponges.



A SUBSTITUTE.

THE BULL DOG.—They have n't any kids in your place, have they?  
THE LAP DOG.—Of course not. That 's why they have me!

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## HAVANA TOBACCO COMPANY BROADWAY AND 26TH STREET NEW YORK

### THE WAY TO WEALTH.

Some men have "made their marks," we say,  
Because they're rich; but then  
They did not make their marks till they  
Made "marks" of other men.

—Catholic Standard and Times.

**The Idle Hour**

anywhere, will suggest the aroma and the luxury of the idle East if you're a smoker of

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No better Turkish cigarette can be made. Look for the signature of  
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Red  
Top  
Rye  
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OUT TO-DAY!

SUMMER DEPRAVITY.

Let ants and busy bees toil on  
And shame the whole community:  
I'd rather be a man and loaf  
At every opportunity.

—Washington Star.

MICKY.—Say, Jimmy, how long is  
de circus performance?

JIMMY.—Oh, about two bags of  
peanuts.—Boston Post.

**Colic and Cramps Quickly Stopped**  
By Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters, the only genuine,  
imported. Refuse domestic imitations.

We don't know what the Latin inscriptions on tombstones stand for, but have an idea that, translated into English, they would mean: "He's all in."—Atchison Globe.

WILLIE.—Pa, if a warship is called "she," why is n't it a woman-of-war?

FATHER.—It's your bedtime, Willie.—Boston Post.

"BEGINS RIGHT, ENDS RIGHT, IS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE."—NEW YORK CENTRAL.

Established 1823.

# WILSON WHISKEY.

That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore, Md.

## ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Bring me the calendar," said the eminent statesman.

"Is the rent due?" asked the private secretary.

"No; but I have forgotten whether this is my day for an interview or a denial."—Washington Star.

## PAST HOPE.

"Don't you know that you could own a house with the money you spend on smoking?"

"Yes," replied the obstinate man; "but maybe the trouble with taxes and assessments and repairs would drive me to drink, and that would be worse."—Washington Star.

## FOR SUMMER READING.

Some choose, these days, the paper books—

Light, airy tales for Summer nooks,  
I seek deep tomes in leathern clothes,  
Which drive me to a Summer doze.

—Detroit Free Press.

# Purity

All that hands can do, or money  
buy, or age refine, lies in the  
purity of



It is the highest  
standard of  
The American  
Gentleman's  
Whiskey.

It is particularly  
recommended to  
women because  
of its age and ex-  
cellence.

Sold at all first-class cafes and by Jobbers  
WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



## IN CHICAGO.

"The lady next door is celebrating her golden wedding."

"Married fifty years?"

"No—times!"

## WHAT RUINED BUSINESS.

"So he has fallen into financial straits."

"I'm afraid so."

"What was the trouble?"

"Paid too much attention to other people's race horses  
and not enough to his own delivery wagon."—Washington Star.

Exchange weakness for health—lassitude for energy  
by taking Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.  
At all druggists. Refuse substitutes.

PATIENCE.—You can tell a counterfeit coin by the ring.

PATRICE.—Yes; but you can't tell  
a counterfeit love that way.—Yonkers  
Statesman.

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S. F. B.

#### MINOR DETAILS.

"Father," said the little boy, "what is a mathematician?"

"A mathematician, my son, is a man who can calculate the distance between the most remote stars and who is liable to be flim-flammed in changing a two-dollar bill." — *Washington Star*.

WHEN folks get an architect to build a house they always say: "We did the planning and he carried them out." — *Washington Democrat*.

"IF common-sense grown folks," said Uncle Eben, "was as numerous as uncommon smart children, dar would n't be so much trouble 'bout runnin' de gov'ment." — *Washington Star*.

"Bid trouble depart from thy bosom,  
And fling thy last care to the winds."

It ain't so far to  
Happiness;

## EVANS' ALE

is right at your elbow.

"It is balm to the souls that are sad,  
And makes hearts that are weary be glad."

Any Dealer Anywhere.

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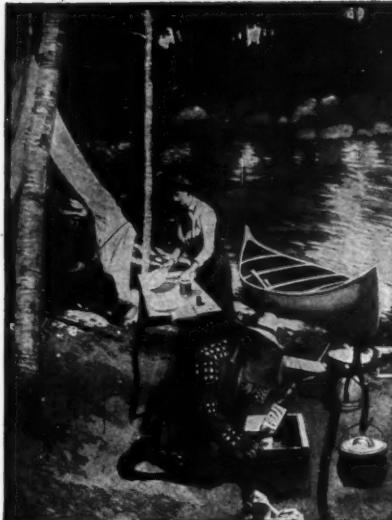
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Experience teaches that the success of a vacation in the woods depends fully as much upon a careful choice of food and drink as upon congenial companions.

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"Special" and "White Label" has helped to kindle good fellowship 'round many a well-remembered campfire. Be sure to include it in your supplies this year.

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Sales Agent for John Dewar & Sons, Ltd.  
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#### SLIGHTLY CONFUSED.

"What nonsense that man talks," remarked Senator Sorghum, as the departing visitor closed the door.

"What did he say?"

"Something about a profit being without honor somewhere or other. I want to go on record as saying that there is n't a country on the map where a profit is not held in high esteem." — *Washington Star*.

STRANGER.—What's that gentleman running so excitedly for?

NATIVE.—Oh, that's Citycuss, who's just settled out here. One of his onions has come up and he's going for a photographer." — *Boston Post*.



#### A FRIEND IN NEED.

MRS. RABBIT.—I'm in a nice fix! Some friends of mine are coming to dinner and I find I have n't a clean table-cloth in the house.

MRS. ELEPHANT.—Don't let that worry you. Here's a new handkerchief I bought only yesterday.

Brightness of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

I've had a lovely supper, and it was enlivened with a bottle of Codd's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

#### AS HE CALLED IT.

"So you don't mind my piano-playing, Mr. Skorcher?" remarked Miss Nedore.

"Not at all," replied Skorcher. "I like it best when you're coasting."

"When I'm coasting?"

"Yes, when you keep your feet off the pedals." — *Catholic Standard and Times*.

#### IN INDIANA.

"Why did the convention of Indiana poets adjourn so suddenly?"

"It did n't adjourn. It just recessed around the corner to see a man lynched." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

Lots of things are called human nature when they should be called cussedness. — *Washington Democrat*.

## America

is fast becoming the wine-making country of the world —

## GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

— the only Gold Medal winning American Champagne at the Paris Exposition — is aiding materially in making this possible, by its purity, perfection, and popularity. The equal of imported in quality, yet less than half the price.

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#### JUST HIS OPINION.

Satan is a queer one—  
He do dez ez he please;  
He burn you up in Summer,  
In Winter let you freeze.

But we would n't call him Satan,  
Nor ever sigh or frown,  
Ef he 'd light de Summer fires  
W'en de snow is comin' down.  
—Atlanta Constitution.



## THE CLUB

are the original bottled Cocktails. Years of experience have made them THE PERFECT COCKTAILS that they are. Do not be lured into buying some imitation. The ORIGINAL of anything is good enough. When others are offered it is for the purpose of larger profits. Insist upon having the CLUB COCKTAILS, and take no other.

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Is not recommended for everything; but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble, it will be found just the remedy you need. Sold by druggists everywhere in fifty cent and dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy sent free by mail, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root and its great cures. Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and say that you read this in PUCK.



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"I have decided to study dentistry," said the young man.

"It is a fine profession; but do you think it would suit your tastes?"

"I'm sure of it. You see, I'm naturally a great practical joker. I don't believe I would enjoy anything more than to fill a man's mouth with rubber, mortar, zinc filings, carbolic acid and Turke's toweling, and after getting a firm grip on his jaw tell him he must be sure to let me know if I am hurting him.—Washington Star.

GRAVESTONES do not represent reserved seats in glory.—Ram's Horn.

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For Hot, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet.



Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes tight or new shoes easy. The distinguished English medical authority, the London Lancet, says: Analysis discloses in Allen's Foot-Ease ingredients suitable for treating the feet. The powder is well adapted for the purpose intended, since it is fine and impalpable, with a slippery, velvety feeling to the touch. It, moreover, contains an antiseptic. We have received a list of testimonials in favour of this powder.—It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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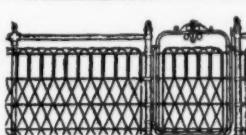
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IT LOOKS queer when the deacon looks up to heaven and drops an opera ticket into the offering.—Ram's Horn.

## BOKER'S BITTERS

Antidyspeptic. A tonic, an appetizer and a delicacy in mixed drinks.

PHILANTHROPIST.—What's the matter, little boy? What are you crying about?

LITTLE BOY.—The fellers on the street have formed a trust, and I ain't in it. A feller can't play base-ball or shinny all by hisself, can he?—Ram's Horn.

MR. UPJOHN.—I wish you would tell Kathleen she cooks her steaks too much.

MRS. UPJOHN.—You are three girls late, John. The name of the present one is Mollie.—Ram's Horn.

ALGIE'S PA.—No, boy, I can't afford an automobile for you, but I kin do the next best thing.

ALGIE.—Wot's that guvvie?

PA.—I kin git you a job as motorman on a trolley car.—Boston Post.

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#### BAFFLED.

My industry's baffled as months come and go;

The day of content fails to dawn.

In Summer my fad is for shoveling snow,

In Winter 't is mowing the lawn.

—Washington Star.

#### A LIBERAL OFFER.

DOMESTIC.—Please, sir, the grocer and butcher and baker and milkman are downstairs, and they say they won't leave until they are paid.

MR. McAUBER.—Hem! Very well; tell them that if they will continue to supply me with provisions, they are welcome to stay here and board it out.—*N. Y. Weekly*.

#### A PROMOTER OF CORDIALITY.

"So you regard a navy as a means of promoting peace and friendship?"

"Certainly," answered the statesman. "You can see for yourself how pleasant and sociable nations become when a navy goes around visiting."—*Washington Star*.

#### THE WAY HE TOLD IT.

"Great revival we been havin', Br'er Williams!"

"Yes, suh! Only las' night we called up mo'ners, en what you reckon come er it?"

"Dunno!"

"Well, suh, we made seventy convicts!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.



#### STAYS THERE.

STELLA.—Did he get down on his knees when he proposed?

BELLA.—Yes; but Papa won't set him on his feet.

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#### CONSTANT AS THE POLAR STAR.

MRS. MULDOOLY.—Th' throuble wid my husband is that he niver sticks to any wan thing more'n a week.

MR. McGROGIN.—Yez do him injoostice, Mrs. Muldooly. Oi never saw a firmer man than your husband phwin it comes to a shrike.—*New York Weekly*.

If anyone writes more than two letters home, when on a vacation, it means he is not having a good time.—*Atchison Globe*.

CALLER.—Why did you discharge your cashier?

BANK PRESIDENT.—We caught him looking over a map.—*Boston Post*.

It is always easier to feel that you love your neighbor across the ocean than to show that you love the one across the street.—*Ram's Horn*.

MRS. STOCKYARDS.—Well, why does n't she marry him?

MISS SPARERIB.—Oh, she says there's a stain on his family escutcheon.

MRS. STOCKYARDS.—Well, good gracious! Don't they have any servants who can scrub?—*Boston Post*.



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**P. B. Ale**

Per dozen pints, \$1.50

ACKER, MERRALL & CONDIT COMPANY,  
New York Agents



In the old days, the elderly women just went along; they were not known as chaperons.—*Atchison Globe*.



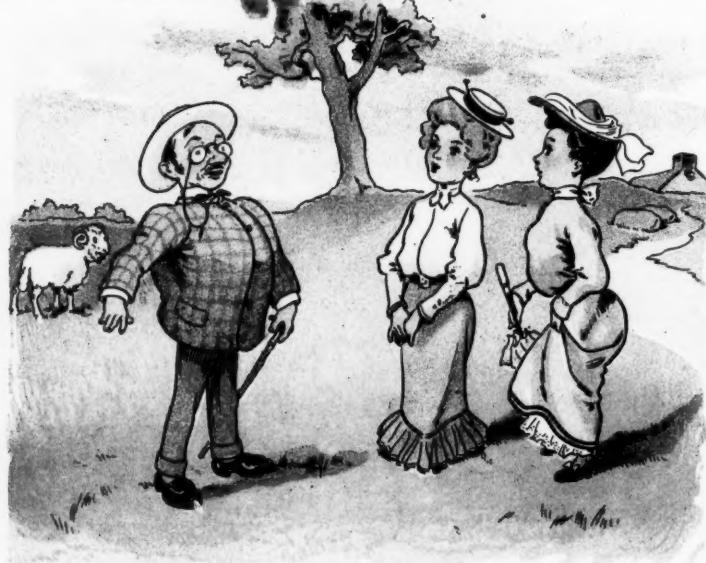
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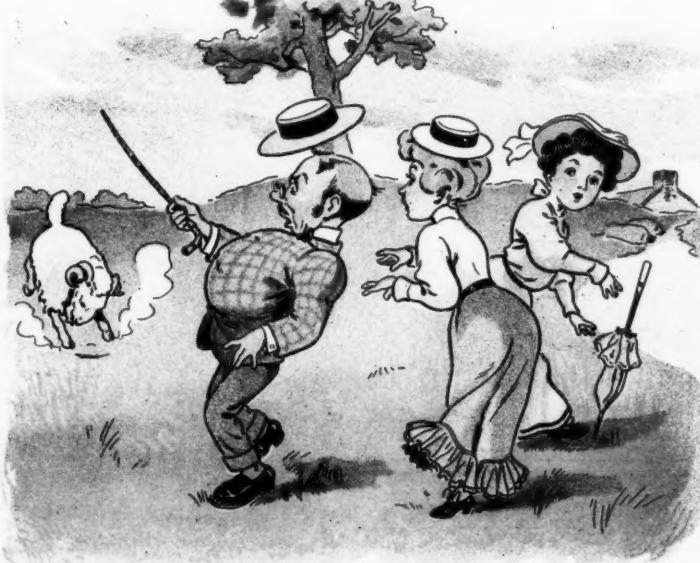
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BERTIE SLIMMER.—Muscle is everything, by Jove! These Summer Girls care nothing for brains. But I'll go to the country next and then brains will win out.



II.  
BERTIE.—Slimmer's Pneumatic Removeable Muscular Development. Now we'll show them.



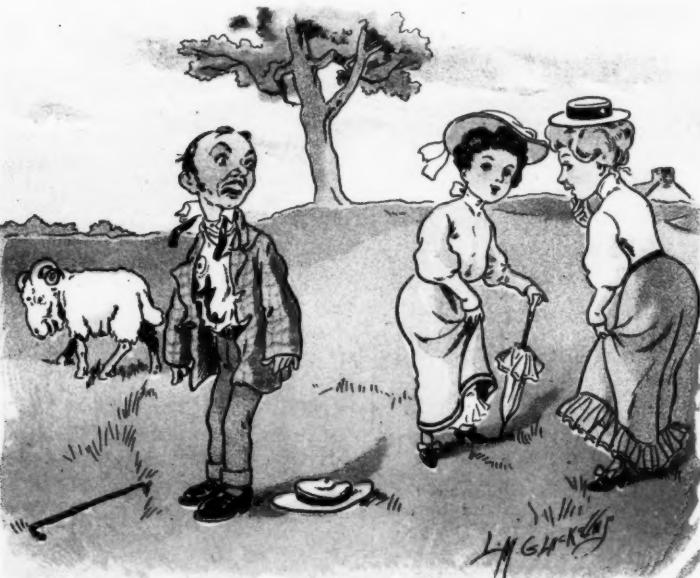
III.  
BERTIE.—Yes, ladies, it is true, I'm a powerful man. I'm strong naturally, but athletics helped some, of course.



IV.  
THE LADIES.—Oh, Mr. Slimmer! Protect us! Here comes that awful ram!



V.  
BERTIE AND THE RAM.—Whoof!



VI.  
THE LADIES.—Mr. Slimmer, we are so thankful! If it had n't been for your tremendous strength, we would surely have been annihilated.

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